

The Massillon Independent.

ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY.

MASSILLON, OHIO, THURSDAY APRIL 1, 1897.

XXXVI—NO. 3

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READY FOR A VOTE.

The Discussion on the Dingley Bill About Over.

MANY POLITICAL SPEECHES MADE

An Attempt Made to Extend the Debate, but It Was Lost—Hides on the Free List Causes Some Debate—Will Vote on the Bill Today.

WASHINGTON, March 31.—Party feeling ran high during the last day of the tariff debate in the house. Political speeches were wedged in at every opportunity and there was constant maneuvering for political advantage. The opposition directed their efforts as far as possible toward stirring up dissensions on the Republican side, but they succeeded only in creating a single instance of revolt. There was on the subject of free hides. The Democrats pressed the question of a duty on hides for the benefit of the farmer with such vigor that Mr. Hepburn (Rep., Ia.) was drawn into the debate, and made a strong plea for dutiable hides. He demanded that the house be given an opportunity to vote on this question, and declared that every western Republican was in favor of it. Mr. Cannon (Ils.) also gave a qualified endorsement to this demand. The Republican leaders defended their bill with vigor.

The ways and means committee held the floor with their amendments for six hours. About 35 were offered and adopted. Among them was one admitting, free of duty, "books, scientific apparatus, charts, maps, etc., for scientific and educational purposes." After that five more pages of the bill were read, making 20 pages in all of the 162 pages of the bill.

The bill was open for amendment until 1 o'clock today, an attempt to extend the debate having failed, after which an hour on a side will be allowed to close. The voting will begin at 3 o'clock. The Democrats displayed a good deal of anxiety to get in an amendment to strike out the differential on sugar, but they probably will be frustrated in this. The only motion they may be able to secure a vote on is one to recommit with instructions.

This motion has been prepared in the shape of a resolution, and is the Dockery amendment to suspend the duty on articles whose prices are controlled by trusts or combinations. Even this motion may be held to be out of order under the special order. There is some talk of a number of Republican votes being cast against the bill, but after investigation it seems probable that those who may be dissatisfied with particular provisions of the bill will line up on the final vote, and there will be no break in the Republican ranks.

Mr. Richardson asked if the chairman of the ways and means committee would not be kind enough to allow the minority to "offer just one little amendment."

"I presume it is to strike out the enacting clause," said Mr. Dingley.

"No," replied Mr. Richardson, "it is to strike out the differential on sugar."

"We will consider any amendment," observed Mr. Dingley, his response causing a smile on the Democratic side.

Mr. McMillin followed this up with a request that the committee now proceed to the consideration of the sugar schedule.

Several Republicans objected. "We will get to that schedule," said Mr. Hopkins, "if you will allow us to proceed."

"All right," replied Mr. McMillin, "we will let the reading proceed and see how sincere you are."

The clerk then resumed the reading of the bill where he stopped on Saturday.

Mr. Lentz (Dem., O.) was the first to interrupt the reading of the bill. He presented a number of protests from bituminous coal miners against the restoration of 75 cents a ton on coal. He declared that the restoration was in the interest of the anthracite coal pool of the east.

Mr. Grosvenor (Rep., O.) in reply said Mr. Lentz' remarks had demonstrated his ignorance. He said the east was in favor of a lower duty on coal.

The introduction of coal on the Atlantic seaboard did effect the coal market in Ohio, and his district gained one-third of the coal of his state. Canada now imposed a duty of 60 cents per ton on our coal. Our duty was now 40 cents.

The committee then rose. An attempt was then made to extend the debate an hour to-day, but the Republicans refused to agree to this unless the Democrats would agree to vote on the amendment in gross. But the Democrats declined to accede to this condition and all negotiations fell through.

Mr. Wheelwright tried to secure consent for a night session, but Mr. Dingley said it would be impossible to secure a quorum.

not left on the free list Massachusetts would defeat the bill."

Mr. Norton (Dem., O.) made a vicious assault on the majority. Instead of denouncing Mr. Cleveland on every occasion, he said, the other side ought to be down on their knees at the feet of his "perspiring obesity and ponderous ponderosity," thanking him for the opportunity he had given them to again "rob

the people."

An amendment rating steel strings for musical instruments at 45 per cent, one putting bolting cloths for milling purposes at 25 per cent (free under McKinley bill) and reducing the duty on cocoa fiber and raffia matting from 8 to 4 cents per square yard and on mats of a similar material from 8 to 4 cents were adopted.

Mr. Perkins (Rep., Ia.) made a humorous speech of five minutes, deriding the Democracy and its panaceas for the people's ills. Magnesia, not medicinal, carbonate of potash and sheep dip were placed on the free list.

Mr. Henderson (Ia.) took occasion at this point to deny that this bill was framed in the interest of the east. He pointed out that the west had a majority on the committee, and were entirely competent to care for the interests to which they were committed.

Mr. Cowherd (Dem., Mo.) declared that the tariff on Mexican cattle was a blow at the farmers and the wool schedule.

In reply Mr. Dolliver had read a letter from Norman Gibbs of Mt. Vernon, Mo., president of the Short Horn association, asking a duty of \$10 a head on Mexican cattle in the name of the cattlemen of that section.

Mr. Smith (Dem., Ariz.) talked on the cattle schedule, asserting that the rates amounted to 125 per cent ad valorem so far as they concerned his territory.

In rebuttal of Mr. Dolliver's letter, Mr. Wheeler (Dem., Ala.) read a letter from Hon. Norman J. Coleman of St. Louis, the first secretary of agriculture, asking for an ad valorem duty on cattle that Mexican stock might be brought into this country for feeding.

Mr. Brucker (Dem., Mich.) denounced the duty of \$2 on lumber as robbery.

The lumber barons were permitted to go into Canada and have their lumber sawed by the cheap labor there. It was free trade in labor and protection for the manufacturer.

The amendment pending was adopted; also an amendment increasing the rates on horses and mules to those of the act of 1890.

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ASKING FOR INFORMATION

Resolutions in the Senate Regarding Gomez Letter to the President.

WASHINGTON, March 31.—Senator Allen (Pop., Neb.) made a long speech in the senate on the unconstitutionality of the tariff taxes beyond those requisite for revenue. Mr. Allen severely criticized the trusts and combinations which, he declared, reaped the main advantage of tariff taxes. The senator's remarks were in the nature of a legal argument, showing the constitutional limitations on the taxing power of congress.

At the conclusion of Mr. Allen's remarks the resolution was referred to the finance committee.

The house amendments to the senate joint resolution appropriating \$250,000 for the saving of life and property along the Mississippi were agreed to and the resolution now goes to the president.

The Cuban question was brought forward again by Mr. Morgan (Ala.), who presented a resolution requesting the president to inform the senate whether letters had been received by the present and former chief executive from General Maximo Gomez, commander of the revolutionary forces in Cuba. The resolution recited at length the letters said to have been forwarded to President McKinley and his predecessor from Gomez and published in the newspapers.

The resolution concluded with a request that the president shall also inform the senate whether the Spanish authorities in Cuba have refused to allow cipher despatches to be transmitted between the United States consul at Sagona la Grande and the United States consul general at Havana.

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A NIGHT WITH PIRATES

A Stirring Adventure In the Straits of Malacca.

A VICTORY WON BY STRATEGY.

The Deck Sprinkled With Bits of Broken Bottles, Where the Barefooted Yellow Cutthroats Were as Helpless as Babes. A Breeze That Came Just in Time.

The fickle wind died out just at sundown and left us helpless in the narrow portion of the tropical straits. To the north by a densely wooded island, with the stately coconut palms outlined against the blue heavens, while far away toward the south we could beyond other islands make out the shore of that strange, spicy land, Sumatra. Bound for Singapore with a cargo from New York, we expected to load up her with the aromatic products of the equator and in due course of time fetch San Francisco.

I was a passenger on board the good ship Jane Eyre. My health demanded a sea voyage, and having a secret love for the water, inherited from sailor ancestors, I quite agreed with my doctor when he declared I must rough it for a year or two on sailing vessels.

In Captain Towle I found an ingenious Yankee—one of those men whose fertile brain seems to have a remedy for every emergency that arises.

I could but notice that he seemed concerned about the lashing of the wind. That we should arrive at Singapore by a certain day was an immaterial affair, and hence I judged the captain's black brow must mean trouble in another quarter.

Coming up to where he stood, glass in hand, on the port rail, I noticed that he surveyed the wooded island carefully. Then I guessed the truth.

It meant pirates.

Some ten years, more or less, previous to this time the straits of Malacca swarmed with the most villainous pirates who ever scuttled a brig or sold the crew into slavery.

The march of civilization has demoralized their once profitable business, and of late it has become hazardous to pursue such a vocation.

Still pirates exist, and every little while the news is received of some daring assault, while it may be the mystery of more than one vessel's utter disappearance can be laid at the door of these Malay cutthroats.

Under these circumstances it can be set down as positive that a feeling of uneasiness is apt to pervade cabin and forecastle when a trading vessel finds herself becalmed in these historic waters and night coming on apace.

The captain did not attempt to deceive me, but calmly declared he could see a

showering the water that sparkled in the moonlight.

It was a sight to stir an artist's blood. But none of us was in a condition or frame of mind to enjoy it.

This was an old business with them, and they knew how to manage it, the boats separating as they approached. Perhaps the Malays were surprised at the silence with which they were greeted—there was something ominous about it—a calm that precedes the rush and roar of the typhoon over the southern seas.

Still their numbers and ferocity urged them on. I watched their advance as calmly as was possible under the circumstances. Most of them had their backs toward us as they wielded the long oars, but the moon-



THE SWARMED ABOUT OUR BOWS.

heads fell upon many swarthy faces, whose fierce expression was anything but reassuring.

It was an awful interval—a period that preceded the whirl of the hurricane.

The only sound we could hear were the splash of the oars or the gurgle of the water as the on-rushing proas cut through its surface.

Then they suddenly swarmed about our bows, and the silence was broken by the most fiendish yell that ever burst upon the startled human tympanum. Tophet could not have yielded up a more delectable crowd of imps than those dusky devils who swarmed up over the sides of the good ship Jane Eyre on that beautiful moonlit southern sea.

With the most intense interest I waited for what was sure to happen. Not once did I doubt the ultimate result.

The Malay rascals were barefooted, and, although the soles of their feet might be tough enough to resist a' l ordinary prickly cacti and thorns found in the pineapple region, splintered glass was too much for them.

Each man waved pistol or Malay kriss as he clambered over the bow, but no sooner did he strike the sliver of broken bottles with which the deck was covered than he became helpless.

I never witnessed such a strange spectacle in the whole course of my life. They were scattered about the deck as helpless as a lot of babes, some uttering maledictions in their native tongue, others crying and shrieking with pain.

The captain saw we would have nothing further to fear from those who had managed to reach the deck, so he ordered us to fire in on the remaining crew in the bows, which we did with considerable enthusiasm.

The battle raged furiously for a short time under these peculiar conditions, those below suspecting that something terrible must have happened to their comrades yet aghast on their recklessness to keep up the fight.

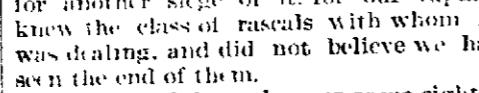
More than one fellow passed along the bulwarks and jumped aboard near where our men were gathered, hoping to avoid the magic spell that seemed to have overwhelmed his comrades farther forward. But as we were all well shed the broken glass had been scattered everywhere, and hardly did a bloodthirsty Malay bound upon the deck than he became to all intents and purposes a paralytic—a shrieking, impaling, helpless wretch whom one minded.

Our hot fire also shriveled up the ardor of the remaining Malays, and in great confusion they headed their proas for the island, paddling as though the evil one was after them.

We tossed overboard those who lay about the decks like logs, and prepared ourselves for another siege of it for our captain knew the class of rascals with whom he was dealing, and did not believe we had seen the end of them.

Sure enough in an hour or so we sighted a confused mass of Malay boats making for us.

Their number amazed me, for I knew we could not hope to hold our own against



HE SURVEYED THE WOODED ISLAND CAREFULLY.

number of native proas partially hidden up a creek, and there were signs of a Malay village back of the fringe of palms.

"We may not be disturbed," he said finally, "and I hope we shall have no occasion to fire a shot, but my duty is to prepare for the worst. You understand what these fellows are. If we should be attacked and overcome, they know nothing of mercy. To hide the evidences of their crime every man will be murdered, and when the ship has been looted it is easy to scuttle her."

I quite agreed with Captain Towle and was ready to do my share toward defending the ship should our worst fears be realized.

"Thank God we have the moon," he said as we turned away from the rail.

Arms were secured, and the men given instructions. Fortunately our crew, while small in point of numbers, was composed of good material, and, knowing that life was at stake, every man would fight with desperation.

I had been reading an old book published in England concerning the spice region and how the English came to hold Singapore. One incident was very fresh in my mind. It had produced a feeling of admiration for the genius of the Quaker in whose brain the scheme originated, and I determined to take advantage of the opportunity to test its efficacy.

The captain heard my plan with awakening interest, and at its conclusion embraced me.

"My dear fellow, it is simply immense. We all wear shoes. These pirates are barefooted and half naked. In the hold are some cases of empty bottles going out to be filled with Dutch rum. I'll have them brought on deck and set the men to work with hammers."

His enthusiasm was abounding, but I begged him to go slow. The broken glass, remnants of two gross of empty bottles shivered into slivers under the sturdy pounding strokes of several hammers, need not be scattered about the deck until we had positive evidence that we were about to be boarded by the ferocious Malays.

The full moon wheeled up in an azure field. The lazy swell of the sea and the motion of the ship would under ordinary circumstances have lulled us to slumber. But sleep had been effectively banished from our eyes by the presence of the shadow that overhung our vessel.

So we waited, and the minutes crept by with leaden wings.

It must have been close on midnight when the captain gave me a sudden nudge and almost breathlessly whispered:

"There they come, sir."

I looked and saw that it was true. In the misty moonlight I could see a dozen Malay proas, each manned by a score of rowers, moving swiftly over the water of the straits and heading toward the Jane Eyre.

The shattered glass was hastily scattered over the deck of the vessel, most of it forward, as these straits pirates generally board over the bows. This done, we prepared to fight for our lives. A small canon, used for saluting purposes, had been loaded and was trained to cover the bow.

On came the proas with their long oars

A MUSICAL MONKEY.

Also a Trapeze Performer and a Fighter Domesticated In Gotham.

Albert Anderson, who lives in Hart-lem, has a monkey named Billy. The monkey has a room 10 by 12 which is fitted with all sorts of acrobatic apparatus likely to be enjoyed by a small but healthy tree climber. In one corner of the room is a bed, and in another are two dumbbells made fast with chains, because the monkey throws things when its temper is ruffled.

The monkey is so fond of music that when Albert Anderson, Jr., plays the harmonicon in its hearing, no matter if it is eating or rolicking, the monkey stops, and, keeping time to the music, sways back and forth from its hips, its eyes wide open and its face expressing great joy. Young Albert gave Billy a mouth organ one day, and Billy screamed with delight. The monkey put the instrument to its mouth and blew hard. A discord followed instead of the tune which the monkey plainly expected, and it thereupon held the harmonicon at arm's length to look at. It blew the instrument again and again, each time looking at it as if to make out what the trouble was. At last Billy threw the harmonicon across the room, chattering in anger. Albert played a waltz on his instrument and Billy grew less excited, but would not touch a harmonicon again.

A week later the boy got a music box for the monkey. After showing Billy how to turn the crank the boy left the box on the floor. The monkey looked at it, turned the box upside down, shook it, and then, taking hold of the handle, began to turn it slowly. The music came, and the monkey began to dance, first on one foot and then on the other, whining with delight. It is only after the removal of the box that Billy can be made to exercise on the bars and swing enough to keep in health.

Billy does not weigh more than two pounds, but every grain of those two pounds is full of grit when it comes to a fight. Sam, the house cat, a big gray brute, scarred in street fights with wandering tramp cats, got into Billy's room one day, and the monkey's lips curled. The cat looked up at the monkey, which was on a trapeze bar, and licked its chops. Billy apparently knew what that meant and dropped down part way to the floor. The cat jumped, but Billy did the giant swing, and the cat missed.

Before the cat had got to the floor again Billy was on it, and in two minutes the cat was leaping over bars and swings, yowling with pain. Sam never visited Billy again.—New York Sun.

Puppy Dog Dinners.

Chow dog, in the way of Chinese diet, is so great a delicacy that to leave it out of an official dinner in China would be as great a crime as leaving out whitebait or asparagus in May on similar occasions in this country. At Canton rows of dogs, skinned, dressed and ready for cooking, are hung up in lines on the stalls in the market place. The poor chow, when thus he contributes to the delicacies of the heathen Chinese's table, must not have outgrown the tender stage of puppydom. When he is 2 months old and his little carcass weighs two pounds, he is at his best, and once he has managed to escape his doom till he is 6 months old he has a chance of living to a patriarchal age, for after that time his "fater" is not, from the epicurean point of view, what it ought to be.

From the non-Celestial point of view the chow pup is far too amusing and handsome a little customer to be sacrificed on the same altar on which are laid shark fins, duck tongues and swallow nests. The baby chow in appearance is like a tiny bear cub. The lower 10,000 of China—or rather the lower 10,000,000—who cannot afford a dinner of chow, philosophically eat rats instead, deeming them a very passable and palatable substitute for the coveted puppy dog.—San Francisco Call.

Faithful to His Captain.

That was a loyal if not very gentle answer once made by a private soldier to Frederick the Great of Prussia, as the story is told in Harper's Round Table:

During a campaign in Silesia the king made it his habit to stroll through his camp in disguise at night, to come into closer relations with his soldiers. One night he was stopped by a sentry, but, giving the proper password, was permitted to proceed. Instead of doing so, however, he endeavored to tempt the sentry into accepting a cigar, saying that a smoke would solace his long watch.

"It is against the rules," said the soldier.

"But you have my permission," said Frederick.

"Your permission?" cried the soldier.

"And who are you?"

"I am the king."

"The king be hanged!" said the incorruptible sentry. "What would my captain say?"

High Priced Proofreader.

The chief proofreader of the London Times is a Cambridge graduate, who has a salary of £1,000, or \$5,000; but, then, he is a great scholar, not only in the English language, but in all ancient and other tongues, not excepting Asiatic ones. He is permitted to query and suggest excisions or additions to the work of writers and editors.

Half Priced.

"What was that fracas up at the opera house last night?" asked Bonaparte. "Oh, nothing much!" said Shakespeare. "Captain Kidd had to be ejected, that's all. He insisted upon coming in at half price because, he said, he was a Kidd."—Harper's Bazaar.

They shouted themselves hoarse, and kept up the pursuit as long as they could see in the bright moonlight. But it was useless. Two days later, upon reaching Singapore, some of the shattered glass was still upon our decks to remind us of our remarkable adventure.

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London is 3,156 miles northeast of Washington city.

Full Details Gladly Given.

A Railroad Official's Experience.



MR. EDWARD EDMOND, long connected with railroad construction in Nebraska, writes: "My heart troubled and pained me for 19 years. Shortness of breath was the constant and most common symptom. Intense, excruciating pain, generally followed any severe exertion. Faintness, hunger without any appetite; fluttering that made me clutch my breast, and palpitation that often staggered me so if I would fall, were frequent attacks. Again, everything would turn black if I arose from a stooping posture quickly. Sleepless nights with their

Dr. Miles' prostrating unrest were numerous and I could get no rest day or night.

I consulted leading physi-

icians and tried adver-

tical remedies. They

gave me no relief. One of

Dr. Miles' cures described my case so

exactly that I took Dr. Miles' New Heart

Cure and I am now a well man. I hope

every one troubled with heart disease will

try Dr. Miles' remedies. If they will write

me personally, I will gladly give them full

details of my experience." EDW. EDMOND.

P. O. Box 65, David City, Nebraska.

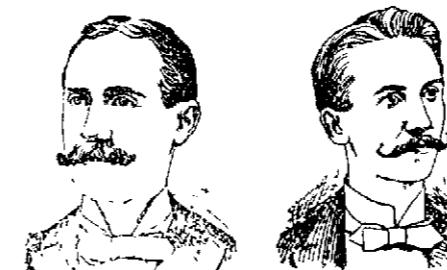
Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold on guarantee

that first bottle is free—or money refunded.

One Week Free

ALL NEW PATIENTS

Applying to Drs. Ramsey and McGuire in person or by letter, will receive consultation, examination and all medicine for the first week's treatment free of charge.



THEY TREAT AND CURE

Catarrh, Asthma,

Hay Fever,

Bronchitis,

Insipient Consumption

Deafness,

Neuralgia,

Constipation,

Rheumatism,

Malaria, Dyspepsia,

Kidney Diseases,

Nervous Diseases,

and other curable Chronic Diseases.

SEND FOR SYMPTOM BLANK FREE.

Call on or address,

Drs. Ramsey & McGuire,

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THE INDEPENDENT O. will print you anything you need in the line of job work.

</div

THE INDEPENDENT.

THE INDEPENDENT COMPANY,
INDEPENDENT BUILDING,
30 North Erie St., Massillon, O.

WEEKLY FOUNDED IN 1863.
DAILY FOUNDED IN 1887.
SEMI-WEEKLY FOUNDED IN 1896.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE NO. 60.
FARMERS' TELEPHONE NO. 60.

THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1897

There does not seem to be much doubt now, that Judge Day will go to Cuba as the President's representative. It is a great honor most worthily bestowed.

A correspondent of THE INDEPENDENT at Alliance asks it to say that Dr. J. V. Lewis is the man to carry the Stark-Carroll senatorial district if nominated by the Democratic district convention. Dr. Lewis is very likely a good man in many respects, but with Senator S. J. Williams running on the Republican ticket, he would only borrow trouble for himself by running. The district is Republican by good majority, and Mr. Williams is a big enough man to carry it, were it otherwise.

The men elected on next Monday will be the personal custodians of the most of the money raised by local taxation. No election, therefore, more nearly concerns the individual citizen. Strangely enough, however, it is at the spring election that the vote is light, and difficult to get out. The ticket presented by the Republicans of this city this spring is excellent, and ought to encourage active support and a full vote. On Monday next the polls will be opened, and every voter should know it and do his duty as a citizen.

So many newspapers have published a statement within a day or two announcing that Judge Ricks's chances for re-election are very small, and his retirement from the bench of the United States district court probable, that a denial of both reports is eminently proper. Judge Ricks is now in California and has been there all winter. He is making progress towards recovery, and letters to the family in Massillon are all written in a hopeful and most encouraging strain. There is no reason for anticipating anything except his restoration to health, and return to his official duties—results which THE INDEPENDENT trusts will be speedily realized.

Ex-Senator Ingalls bowed inwardly when he read what Bishop McCabe had said about him for reporting the prize fight at Carson. The Kansas statesman then penned the following caustic observations:

"I wrote up the prize fight to earn money, the same as I might have written up the Winfield conference, at which you presided. Had I described the conference I might have added you exhibited all the characteristics of a gladiator, except his courage. I heard no such language at Carson as is imputed to you at the Winfield conference. The etiquette of the prize fight does not permit a man to call another a liar, or accuse him of being a 'prostituted acrobat' with impunity. I hope you are incorrectly reported. I should regret to be compelled to believe that Carson has a higher code of ethics than Winfield or that a gladiator may have better manners than a bishop."

The following is a late dispatch from London:

LONDON, March 25.—The announcement that the new United States tariff will not be retroactive, has resulted in the inevitable rush of exports to America, and for the moment every industry is pushing this work. Ship owners are finding difficulty in handling the business offered. Their regular ships have been filled with cargoes long in advance of the dates of sailing, and the Cunard line is dispatching a vessel from Bordeaux to New York with goods which are usually sent via Liverpool.

The large woolen mills of this country are already heavily stocked with wool in anticipation of further wants; dealers have been filling up with free wool from abroad as fast as their home stocks have been depleted, so now they have a year's supply on hand, with the new clip of domestic about to be offered. And now goods of all kinds are fairly pouring in upon an already well filled supply. Thus, it will be on a glutted market that the new wool clip will be offered, and notwithstanding the operation of the new tariff, prices of this prominent commodity will be depressed and perhaps meet a dull demand. Then will be the time for demagogues, whose love for the people is prompted mainly by their desire for some easy offices at high salaries, to set up their ignorant dismal howls against a policy which they neither can nor will comprehend.

GREATER NEW YORK.

The act of consolidation has gone to the mayors of New York, Brooklyn and Long Island City for their approval. The result will be the union of three corporations, making the new New York the second greatest city of the world. Its population will be 3,195,059. Greater New York will have an area of about 360 square miles, making it next in size to London. Its greatest length will be nearly 35 miles. The street mileage of Greater New York is estimated at about 3,000. One-third of the streets are paved. If all the elevated and surface roads within the confines of Greater New York were in a single line, they would reach about

1,200 miles. The elevated roads alone would reach nearly 100 miles. The assessed value of the real estate in New York, Kings and Richmond counties and that part of Queens county included in the greater city is \$2,264,142,968. The value of the personal property within the territory is \$397,076,665. The total equalized value of the realty and personal property is \$2,169,795,157. The indebtedness of the combined cities and towns is about \$170,000,000. Greater New York will have a capacity of 550 miles of wharfage, and in this regard will be unexcelled by any other city in the world. The incorporated city will contain 130,000 dwelling houses, 37,000 business houses, 6,500 acres of parks, 1,800 miles of gas mains, 1,100 churches, 1,125 large hotels and 350 public schools. In short New York will continue to be what it is—the wonder and glory of the western world.

THE AUSTRALIAN INEBRIATE ACT.

A London police magistrate, writing in the North American Review, makes a strong plea in favor of curative methods as applied to habitual drunkards, and points out the utter inadequacy of present systems of punishment. In Australia legislation for inebriates is far in advance of the laws in force here or in England. The Australian "inebriate asylums act" empowers the governor in council to direct that any asylum, or any part of any asylum, or any other building named in the order, shall be an asylum for inebriates. He may appoint as superintendent of any such asylum a person who must be a medical practitioner. The asylum may be separated into two divisions, with a different scale of accommodations and of fees to be paid by patients and residents. Any person desirous of being committed to an asylum for inebriates may make application to the master-in-lunacy, or to any judge of county courts, or to a police magistrate, or to any justice, who, after satisfying himself that the applicant has habitually used excessive quantities of intoxicating drinks, may order him to be detained in an asylum for inebriates, there to be held under curative treatment for a period not exceeding three months.

CONCERNING CORPORATIONS.

Ex-President Harrison said the other day at Ann Arbor that "we have corporations engaged in conducting almost every form of manufacturing and mercantile venture;" that "the people have

not only authorized, but invited, the organization of and the investment in these corporations;" and that "the bankruptcy of any legitimate business is a public injury." He added that "the work of reforming our corporations laws is not for apprentices," and he referred to "the impulsive, hodgepodge methods of sixty day legislatures."

The New York Sun makes this a text for adding:

"We have said that humbug, cant and ignorance are mainly responsible for the warfare now made against corporations. The fools in it are the thoughtless persons who have been carried away by the rhetoric of demagogues or the rant of communistic newspapers. The thrifty part of the community cannot sympathize with the demonstrations against corporations. Every saving bank depositor, and every holder of a life insurance policy, a very large proportion of workingmen, are thereby interested in or dependent upon corporations. Their wages come from corporations, or their savings are invested in them. Moreover, an attack upon one form of property is an attack upon the rights of property. It might be too rash to expect justice to corporations from legislatures, but the instinct of self interest is sure to stop the crazy clamor against them, and even railroads may cease to be regarded as subjects for pillage."

THE PRESIDENT AND CUBA.

The following telegram has been sent from Washington to the New York Herald:

"President McKinley has definitely decided to send a special commissioner to Cuba. It was announced on Thursday last that the President and Secretary of State Sherman had the matter under consideration. Since that time the President has been looking over the list of available men for the important work, and I understand he will in a few days announce his selection."

"The President has in view a close personal friend, and a man of considerable legal ability, in whose judgment Mr. McKinley has the greatest confidence. The specific object of the special commissioner's visit to Cuba will be to take part in the intended investigation of the alleged murder of Dr. Ruiz, an American citizen."

"Consul General Lee has absolutely refused to join in this investigation on the ground that he is convinced the Spanish government will not conduct a fair inquiry, and that the decision of the commission will be a 'whitewash' for all officials connected with Dr. Ruiz's death."

The INDEPENDENT is advised that the President has in mind for this post of responsibility his friend and neighbor, Judge William R. Day, of Canton. This may prove to be erroneous information, but whether that is so or not, it will be agreed that Mr. McKinley can find no man better equipped to investigate and report the exact facts in this unfortunate Cuban business.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup brings instant relief in cases of asthma, bronchitis, and all throat and lung diseases, down to the very border land of consumption.

No need to scratch your life away. Dox's Ointment brings instant relief in all cases of itching piles, pin worms, ring worms, hives, or other itchiness of the skin. Get it from your dealer.

COMMISSIONER TO CUBA.

President McKinley will Send Judge Day to Investigate.

THE MURDER OF DR. RUITZ.

Judge Day Goes to the Capital at the Request of President McKinley—Consul General Lee will Assist Him in His Labors.

WASHINGTON, March 30.—The announcement that President McKinley has decided to send a special commissioner to Cuba received full confirmation by the presence in this city yesterday of Judge Wm. R. Day, a well-known lawyer of Canton, and a close personal friend of the Chief Executive.

This is the gentleman selected by the President for the important mission. He came to Washington yesterday morning in response to a telegram from Mr. McKinley, and spent practically the entire day at the White House in conference with the President. He returned to Canton last night to prepare for his trip to Havana, and it is expected will sail within the next week or ten days.

Judge Day goes to Cuba officially and specifically for the purpose of representing the United States in the proposed judicial investigation of the alleged murder of Dr. Ruiz.

It is understood that the President, as a result of his talk with Judge Day yesterday, will not relieve Consul General Lee at present. Fitzhugh Lee's services will be needed in connection with the investigation. If it turns out that Dr. Ruiz was murdered in prison, there is no doubt that the administration will demand full reparation from the Madrid government.

For diplomatic reasons the authorities will not, of course, admit that Judge Day's assignment to duty in Cuba has any further significance than that above indicated.

It does not necessarily mean that the President contemplates any change of policy in regard to the attitude of this country on the Cuban question, but it is stated that he realizes that sooner or later he may be called upon to adopt a different course, and he naturally will desire information and advice from a person who has his confidence and who is qualified to give them.

A Richmond, Va., special says: Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, Consul General at Havana, has written a friend here that he will be in Virginia April 15. It could not be learned whether he started, how long he would remain here, or whether he would continue in his Consular office.

JUDGE WISE HOLDS COURT.

A Number of Prisoners Get Workhouse Sentences.

CANTON, March 29.—Probate Judge Henry Wise, heard a number of criminal cases this morning, sentencing five prisoners. Charles McKenzie, charged with petit larceny, was sentenced to imprisonment for one day, and a fine of five dollars was imposed. McKenzie spent three months in jail awaiting trial, the judge was, therefore, lenient. John Bluffer, an old offender, was found guilty of petit larceny and sentenced to the workhouse for sixty days and fined \$25. W. M. Bluffer received a thirty days sentence and a fine of \$25. for same offense. Harry Goffert, arraigned under three minor charges, was fined \$10 and sentenced to the workhouse for ten days. Harry Adams, against whom a delicate charge was preferred, was found guilty, and fined \$15 and committed. Chance Williams, charged with petit larceny, pleaded guilty; sentence was deferred.

The following candidates in the Republican primary election held in Massillon have filed certificates of expenditures: Henry Snyder, candidate for marshal, \$7.50; John Jacoby, first ward assessor, \$1; James Jacoby, township trustee, \$4.50; Horace Lape, third ward assessor, \$1; Otto Uhendorff, street commissioner, \$20.10; Miss Elizabeth Folger, school board, \$2; David Johns, school board, \$1; Reuben Krisher, assessor Massillon precinct, \$1.

Eli Schmucker has been appointed guardian of David Schmucker, of Nimitz hill township. The will of Nellie Young, of Massillon, has been filed for probate...A final account has been filed in the estate of John Mock, of Nimitz hill township...Elizabeth Schwartz has been appointed guardian of Florence and Daisy Schwartz, of Nimitz hill township...Wm. Feller has been appointed administrator of the estate of August Filiz, of Canton. An appraisement of the assets and liabilities of the firm of Filiz & Akrin has been ordered. In the estate of Agnes McCalister, of Massillon, S. A. Conrad has been appointed executor. In the guardianship of Lucinda Kurtz, of Massillon, appraisement of ward's real estate and bond of the assignee has been approved and private approved...A marriage license has been granted to Homer Shearer and Eliza Coy, of Mapleton...Judge McCarty disposed of the motion docket this morning, and the damage case of Aiken vs. the city of Alliance was taken up.

The President has in view a close personal friend, and a man of considerable legal ability, in whose judgment Mr. McKinley has the greatest confidence. The specific object of the special commissioner's visit to Cuba will be to take part in the intended investigation of the alleged murder of Dr. Ruiz, an American citizen.

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HE HAS REFUNDED.

A. P. Teel, of Lexington Township, Square Hts Accounts.

The Canton Record says: "Since the discovery in Massillon that the trustees and clerk of Perry township had paid themselves more salary than the law allows such officers there has been much talk and investigation in various parts of the state. As a result of such investigation it was found that the same state of affairs existed in Lexington township. Mr. A. P. Teel, who has served as trustee for four years, yesterday morning, paid over to the township treasurer \$155, the amount he had drawn in excess of what the law allows."

AN OLD SOLDIER DEPRIVED OF HIS PENSION MONEY.

WOMEN CLERK FOR CHARITY.

SPRINGFIELD SOCIETY WOMEN ACT AS SALES WOMEN AND FLOOR WALKERS—AN IRASCU BOY AT FREMONT SETS BARNES ON FIRE—A CARD FOR THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

John Leinberger, an old soldier living at Salem, has just received word from Washington, through Congressman Taylor, that he has been granted \$555 as back pension money, of which he has been wrongfully deprived for years. Mr. Leinberger was examined in 1881, and soon after was granted a pension of \$4 per month, to date from the time of his examination, allowing him nothing for the time that had elapsed since he received his honorable discharge from the army in 1865. It appears that the colonel of the corps in which Leinberger served had a grudge against him, and as this man was commissioner of pensions when Leinberger applied for his, the pension was made to date from the time of the examination. Last March Mr. Leinberger wrote to Mr. Taylor, who made an examination of the case and found that the old soldier was fully entitled to the back pay, which will be forwarded to him in a few days.

The associated charities of Springfield have been laboring for some time to try and clear up a deficit of \$1,000. The proprietor of one of the largest stores has now arranged to have some of the society women act as clerks for one week, older ladies acting as floor walkers. Ten per cent. of all the sales made during the week will be given to the associated charities.

The following companies are in the deal: Superior Coal Company, Wellston Company, Fluhart Coal and Mining Company, Milton Coal Company, Eliza Coal Company, Jones Coal Company, Tom Corwin Coal Company, Alma Coal Company, Comet Coal Company, Chapman Coal Company, Goshen & Barbour, Jackson Hill Coal Company, Jones & Morgan, Standard Coal Company, Northern Coal Company, and Central Coal Company.

The aggregate business of the field is \$2,500,000 a year, with a net profit of about \$500,000 a year.

Mr. Beach expects to leave for England on April 3 with the bills of sale in his pocket. He said: "This is the first investment of the Kruger syndicate in America, and probably will be followed by other investments. The syndicate has operated extensively in the Transvaal, but we recognize that the time is here for profitable business in America." Electrical machinery will be introduced into the Jackson mines, thus reducing the cost of production. Four railroads, the C. H. & D., Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern, Hocking Valley, and the Ohio Southern enter the field as competitors and all are eager for the traffic. About 5,000 miners will be employed."

THAT BIG COAL DEAL.

Mr. Wainwright Believes That It Will Go Through.

A special C. L. & W. train arrived in the city shortly after noon Tuesday, from Cleveland, and after a few minutes' delay continued the trip south. On board were General Manager W. R. Woodford, Superintendent P. Bruner, General Freight Agent J. E. Terry, General Passenger Agent M. G. Carroll, Chief Engineer W. B. Hanlon and Roadmaster Moran. The officials are making a tour of general inspection and are visiting the mines of the company and those located on the line.

R. H. Wainwright accompanied the officials as far as Massillon. Regarding the situation in the Jackson district Mr. Wainwright said that although the mines of the Wainwright Coal Company and several other companies were not included among the options secured by the English syndicate, it was the object of the syndicate to secure every mine in the district. He also stated that the project would probably be carried out.

WILSON DOUGLASS FALLS DEAD.

ORRVILLE, March 30.—Wilson Douglass, aged 67 years, fell dead while on his way to Wooster with his team. He was found on his wagon with his arm under his head, by a farmer, who noticed that he was dead, and stopped the team and brought the news to this city.

Mr. Douglass was one of the early settlers of this county. The cause of Mr. Douglass's death was heart failure.

HIS HEARING NEXT WEEK.

Dr. J. F. Gardner was released from the city prison Monday evening, upon recognition being given for his appearance before Mayor Schott, Wednesday of next week, and the promise of his family that he will be cared for and not allowed to come to town.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Massillon, March 30, 1897:

MEN.

Lamon, J. H. Wentzel, Geo.

Shuster, Hon. S. J. Young, D. Herman

FOREIGN.

Truett, P. C.

Persons calling for the above named letters will please say advertised.

FELIX R. SHEPPLEY, P. M.

"For three years I suffered from salt rheum. It covered my hands so much that I could not wash them. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured me

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

Born, to Dr. and Mrs. D. S. Gardner, a daughter.

A Bell telephone has been placed in the residence of J. J. Best, No. 303.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll will lecture on "Lincoln" in Wooster on Tuesday, April 6th.

About six hundred Canton women have registered and will vote next Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. McLain and Miss McLain have returned from New York.

Mr. Herbert B. Croxton, of Newcomers, spent Sunday with Massillon friends.

Mrs. R. J. Higginbotham and Jesse M. Higginbotham have returned from a pleasant visit in Cleveland.

Mr. and Mrs. George Early, who formerly resided in Locust street, have moved to West Main street.

The Navarre Glass, Marble and Specialty Company, of Navarre, capital stock \$20,000, has been incorporated.

E. G. Bowers, at Pigeon Run, has had his residence connected with the Farmers' Telephone Exchange. Call 270.

A German family in Medina county, made eleven barrels of wine off less than an acre of grape vines last season.

A civil service examination was held at the postoffice on Saturday. Edward Sibley and Nicholas Peacock were the only applicants.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Dunn have reached home after their absence of a number of weeks in New York and Washington. Mr. Dunn came here from Nashville, Tenn., and will return in about a week.

Logan county is now the proud possessor of a skunk and a hare breeding farm, D. K. Kaylor raising the former in the northern part of the county, and G. H. Hamer the latter in the southern part of the county.

There are all kinds of tramps in town. Some beg newspapers, all want food, drink and tobacco, but the only one who has ever asked for soap called at Baltzly's drug store this morning. It is needless to say that he got it.

Mrs. Myron T. Herrick, of Cleveland, Mrs. Probasco, of Cincinnati, and Mrs. James R. Dunn, of Massillon, have been appointed members of the board of lady managers for Ohio, at the Nashville international exposition.

The Wooster Republican says that on Monday evening the immediate family and a number of intimate friends were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. John McSweeney, to meet Mr. Sylvester Scovel, also in honor of Mr. H. J. Pocock, of Massillon.

The store of Henry Solomon, the Canal Fulton clothier, was closed Saturday evening. Judgments have been secured against him in the following sums: Myers Bros., \$225; M. F. Oliver, \$150; E. R. Head, \$100. It is expected that other actions will be begun this week.

Samuel Adams Morgan has just learned that his nephew, B. C. Morgan, of Fredericksburg, having recently discovered sand on a neighbor's farm, now trods the highway to fame and fortune, and the uncle is as enthusiastic and happy as the young man himself.

Dr. J. H. Grable, a Canton man who is running a sanitarium, announces: "Notice to patrons of the U. S. Sanitarium: I will rest from work or business at the sanitarium until Mrs. Grable fully decides whether or not she will continue trying to be the head of the house."

Mrs. Lucretia Willard Treat, who is soon to lecture in this city, is the lady to whose influence is largely due the passage of the school law lowering the school age and giving to every city in Ohio the right to establish and maintain kindergartens in connection with the public schools.

The Crescent says that three car loads of horses were shipped from Orville last week. Frank Reichenbach shipped a car load of fine draft horses to New York, Joseph Musser shipped a car load of horses to Hartford, Conn., and Max Rosenberg shipped a car load of export chunks to Hanburg, Germany.

An entertainment will be given by the First U. B. church on Tuesday evening, April 6th. The young men's Jubilee Club, the Military Band orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Boos, Mr. H. C. Baer's orchestra, Miss Maude Keller and others will take part in the programme. The tickets will be ten cents each.

Mrs. Sarah Reed, the mother of Mrs. Michael Bohan, who resides at the corner of West Tremont and Columbus streets, will be ninety years of age next Tuesday. Mrs. Reed was born in the county Mayo, Ireland, and has been in this country for fifteen years. She suffers much with cancer, but is nevertheless strong and healthy for her age.

The men employed in sinking the new Minglewood shaft, on the Singer place, near North Lawrence, had a small shanty in which they kept their dinner pails and extra garments. It was burned to the ground while the men were at work, Friday morning, and when they came to the surface they found no food nor dry clothing to cheer them. The loss to each man amounts to considerable.

The funeral services of the late Sylvester J. Miller were held in Cleveland on Sunday. The body was brought to Massillon for burial Monday morning. The pall bearers were Messrs. Sylvester and Edward Newville, of New York and Cleveland, respectively; George Spangler, of Cleveland; Mr. Wilson, of Cleveland; Mr. Tilghman, of New York, and Mr. F. L. Baldwin, of this city.

A movement is said to be on foot to consolidate the independent telephone companies in Ohio, Indiana and Michigan in one corporation for the purpose of fighting the Bell monopoly. The amalgamated companies will build a system of toll lines in the three states, the ultimate object being to extend a similar plan of organization to other states, thus establishing a formidable competing company.

A strong effort is being made, so the Canton News-Democrat says, to secure a pardon for Detective M. F. Stacy, who was sent to the penitentiary for killing a tramp thought to be attempting to rob Ft. Wayne ears. Among the signers of the pardon petitions is President McKinley.

ley. The case will be considered by the pardon board in three weeks. It is not unlikely that there will be some opposition from the friends of the man whom Stacy killed.

A good joke happened to Ex-Congressman McClure at Canal Fulton one day last week. He was on his way from Elyria to Wooster, via Massillon, and before reaching the latter city to change cars he fell fast asleep. He was awakened at Canal Fulton by the orakeman calling out the name of the station and adding "this train stops at Massillon." With one bound the captain flew to the door and landed on the station platform with his grip, and before he learned where he was the train pulled out. There was no other alternative, but for the captain to remain all night and return home the next day.

Sylvester Scovel, the newspaper correspondent who has just returned from Cuba, passed through Massillon on the Pennsylvania railroad, Monday evening at 5:40 o'clock. He was accompanied by his brother-in-law, W. J. Mullins, and was en route to Wooster, where his father, Dr. Scovel, of Wooster University, resides. Mr. Scovel appeared to be in very good health, and aside from his sunburned complexion, has changed but little. He intended to pass last evening at home and to leave today for Cleveland and later return to New York.

Because he was dismissed from the Barberon United Brethren church, Levi Smoyer, a well-to-do farmer, has sued the Rev. Mrs. Ellen King, the pastor, and church officers for \$2,000 damages. He claims he had no opportunity of proving that the charges made against him were untrue. The Rev. Mrs. King alleges that Smoyer insulted her and circulated such reports concerning a gentleman who was paying her attentions after her first husband's death, that she was forced to ask him to discontinue his addresses. The trial of the case promises to be most sensational.

OBITUARY.

MRS. ELIZA REIKOWSKI.

Mrs. Eliza Reikowski never recovered from the effects of an operation performed last week, and she died at the Aultman hospital, in Canton, Sunday morning. She resided just north of this city, and leaves a husband and three children. She was 27 years of age. The funeral services were held in St. Mary's church Tuesday morning at 8:30 o'clock.

MRS. G. E. BAHNEY.

Mrs. G. E. Bahney died at the country residence of Nathan Moffit, on Saturday evening. Mrs. Bahney was twenty-four years of age and leaves a child three years old. She was the daughter of Samuel Lyons, of 36 Waechter street. The funeral took place Tuesday at 1 p. m. from the Moffit residence, interment at West Brookfield.

HILARIUS LUX.

The death of Hilarius Lux, occurred Monday morning at 1 o'clock. He had suffered more or less for four years with dropsy, but his recent illness covered a period of but four weeks. Mr. Lux was 36 years old and leaves wife and four children. He was a coal miner by occupation and resided in Short East street.

MRS. FRANCIS ALLEN.

Mrs. Francis Allen, widow of the late Benjamin Allen, died at her home, 160 East Main street, Wednesday morning at 11:15 o'clock. The funeral services will be held at the residence, at 2:30 o'clock Friday afternoon. Mrs. Allen was 66 years of age, and had spent her entire life in Perry township. She is survived by four sons, William H., of Genoa; John W., of Canton; and Austin F. and Clarence W., of this city. Mrs. Allen was a sister-in-law of Captain R. B. Crawford.

WHEELING & LAKE ERIE CHANGES.

E. B. Coolidge and R. E. Lawrence Obtain Appointments.

Two important changes are to take place in the Wheeling & Lake Erie traffic department. E. B. Coolidge has been appointed general agent for the company with headquarters at Detroit, and R. E. Lawrence has been given the same title with headquarters at Wheeling. Mr. Coolidge was formerly commercial agent for the Wheeling at Detroit, but was transferred to Toledo to take the general management of the Wheeling & Lake Erie Coal Company. Now, as that company has gone out of existence, Mr. Coolidge has been assigned to his old territory with a new title. Mr. Coolidge was one of the oldest traveling freight agents in the state of Michigan, and his new appointment will be like going back home. Mr. Lawrence has been in the employ of the company for a number of years at Pittsburgh as commercial agent.

JUDGE DAY RETURNS

He Prefers Not to be Interviewed but May go to Cuba.

CANTON, March 31.—Judge Day returned from Washington, Tuesday. Replying to an inquiry about the matter Judge Day said: "I prefer not to be interviewed. However, the matter stands like this: If the state department should conclude to send an American lawyer to co-operate with General Lee in the investigation of the Ruiz case, I have under consideration the acceptance of the position."

When a person begins to grow thin there is something wrong. The waste is greater than the supply, and it is only a question of time when the end must come.

In nine cases out of ten the trouble is with the digestive organs. If you can restore them to a healthy condition you will stop the waste, put on new flesh and cause them to feel better in every way. The food they eat will be digested and appropriated to the needs of the system, and a normal appetite will appear.

Consumption frequently follows a wasting of bodily tissue, because nearly all consumptives have indigestion. The Shaker Digestive Cordial will restore the stomach to a healthy condition in vast majority of cases. Get one of their books from your druggist and learn about this new and valuable remedy.

When the children need castor oil give them Laxol; it is palatable.

A course of Hood's Sarsaparilla taken now will build up the system and prevent serious illness later on. Get only Hood's.

The NEWS OF CRYSTAL SPRING.

CRYSTAL SPRING, March 31.—Harris B.

Smith went to Canton Tuesday on business...

Miss Alice Klein, of Mineral Point,

is the guest of relatives at this place...

Mrs. Jos. Meiner returned home last Friday from Decatur, Ind., Mrs. Will Olvey was in Canal Fulton Saturday...

C. C. Ries, formerly of this place, but now of

North Lawrence, gave our village a social call last week...

Tom Dunckly, of Akron, is spending a few days at this place with relatives...

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Meyers, of

West Brookfield, spent Monday with

James Beitel and family...

Mrs. Walter Harwood and children, of Salem, are the guests of the former's parents at Pauls Station...

Miss Mary Meiner is reported

much better, after a severe sickness...

Otto Domio had his left leg slightly in-

jured while at work last Thursday in the

Millport mine. The interior of our school

A RUN ON THE BANK.

Canal Dover Has an Unpleasant Experience.

BUT CONFIDENCE IS RESTORED.

A Malicious Report Brings in Depositors Who Clamor for Their Money—The Bank in Thoroughly Solvent Condition—Letters From Other Nearby Towns.

CANAL DOVER, March 31.—The Exchange National Bank here has withstood a heavy run for the past two days and paid out to frightened depositors \$37,000. The bank was short on cash at the start, but Vice President Scott, of the Citizens' National Bank, of New Philadelphia, came to the rescue with \$10,000. The Exchange called in its reserve fund, and today has \$50,000 in gold and bank notes piled up in plain sight. It is a strong moneyed institution and has been established many years. Chas. F. Baker is vice president, and Jesse D. Baker cashier.

The rumor was started by a man from Strasburg, seven miles north, from where the heaviest demands came. If the rumor is well founded prosecution is likely to follow, as it is thought it was done with malicious intent.

Today the demands have been light, and many of those who withdrew their cash have returned it. The run caused consternation among the business men, and it is the talk of the town.

NOTES FROM NEWMAN.

NEWMAN, March 31.—The Rev. Mr. Roper, of Canton, will preach in our village church Sunday afternoon. Everybody invited to attend...

Mrs. Elizabeth Edwards returned home from Massillon last Friday evening, after spending several days with Mrs. Abel James and family...

Work at our coal mines continues about half time at some of them, while others work about two days a week.

This at 51 cents per ton is a fat lot to sustain a family on. The bright little 4-year-old boy of Mr. and Mrs. William Killoway died Monday evening at 8 o'clock from lung trouble.

We failed to learn the particulars of the funeral... One great surprise in the Garfield law is that the candidates are only charged ten cents for filing their report when it would naturally be expected to be the same quarter.

Election next Monday and the "spring chickens" so far are not doing much hustling in this neck-o-the-woods...

While William Cummings was returning home from the North Massillon mine last Saturday, he found a pocketbook on the public road containing \$2.65. He learned that Mrs. John Haines had lost it while driving along in her buggy, and returned the pocketbook to its owner immediately.

Such actions are worthy of mention, and reflect credit to the honesty of the finder.

EAST GREENVILLE EVENTS.

EAST GREENVILLE, March 31.—A. C. Hines, of the Columbus Capital School of Oratory and Music, gave an entertainment in the M. E. church of this place on Wednesday and Friday, March 24 and 26, to a fairly large audience. Mr. Hines is an excellent reciter and able entertainer, and worthy the patronage of all.

(Signed) The Epworth League, East Greenville, Stark county, O., Mr. Evans, of Canal Dover, preached in the Welsh church on Sunday. Howard Walter has accepted a position as clerk in John H. Howells & Co.'s store at this place...

Miss Lizzie M. Davis, of Dalton, visited friends at this place Sunday last. The residence of Henry Madder is nearing completion.

Quite a number of acts violating the law have been perpetrated in our town of late. Such people may be surprised by finding themselves before the justice...

H. H. Hershey, a student at Mt. Union College, was home a few days the beginning of the week.

George Wampler visited at Beach City a few days this week, the guest of Geo. Taylor and family...

Henry Bowers visited at Wooster last week.

Your correspondent wishes to correct an error in last week's issue, regarding the pound social.

It was for the benefit of Thos. Lewis, sr. instead of jr...

We hope that a class in elocution can be organized at this place in the near future.

We believe the entertainment, given by A. C. Hines, started the social.

It is the opinion of the editor that the social will be a success.

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STRANGE SOUL SAVING

A Chicago Evangelist Tells Sensational Stories.

FLYING MACHINES IN THE PULPIT.

Dolls and Dogs Also Exhibited There—Object Lessons That Interest the People and Crowd the Church—Evangelist Cook Calls Them Sunshine Sessions.

Rev. David C. Cook of the Wicker Park Methodist church is just now the head and center of one of the most sensational series of revival meetings Chicago has ever known.

A section of the big Sunday school room of the church has looked on different days like a menagerie, a museum, a toy shop, a

went along, and when he had finished he had a machine that would fly. It was on the parachute principle, and more boys than one have made them and played with them long before this, but they were new to the vast majority of Wicker Park youngsters, and the air of that neighborhood is now pretty well filled with what the irreverent boys who did not attend the meetings call "gospel ships."

A popular discourse was devoted to young women, in which Evangelist Cook told them "how to treat company."

In speaking of his work Mr. Cook said: "I am not a preacher, orator, or revivalist in any sense of the term. I am and wish to be known only as a plain, simple, and, I hope, modest talker. I call my meetings 'Sunday sessions,' and I endeavor to let some light into lives which have heretofore been shut against it. I know my system has been criticised, but I know one thing from experience, and that is that I am able to hold the attention of the young, and that when they come once they come again, and I believe sincerely that when one succeeds in holding the attention of the youth he has done a good deal toward solving the problem of salvation."

A PRISON ROMANCE.

Celia Perryn's Attachment to Hildreth, the Boy Train Wrecker.

Once every month since John Watson Hildreth has been confined in the state prison at Auburn he has received a visit from Celia Perryn of Rome. Henceforth her visits will not be so frequent by half. A recent order of Warden Mead, the new head of the prison, has curtailed the visits to a single hour once in two months.

Hildreth is the young scoundrel who conceived, and with the assistance of three other daring novel reading youngsters carried out, the plan to wreck the fast mail on the New York Central railway, near Rome, a year ago for purposes of robbery. He was sentenced to Auburn prison for life.

Before the commission of the crime Hildreth had formed the acquaintance of Celia Perryn. He had run away from his home in New York city, and after a series of adventures had landed in Rome. He was bright and made many friends in Rome. Among them was the girl, who was about his own age, and a warm attachment sprang up between them. When he was arrested upon a charge of murder, after the wrecking of the train, she did not desert him, but visited him frequently while he was in jail, sat near him during the trial, and after he was taken to Auburn began to visit him as soon and as frequently as the rules of the institution would permit.

Regularly as the month rolled around she appeared at the prison. On the day of the visit she left her home at 5 o'clock in the morning and arrived in Auburn at 8:25. She at once crossed the street from the railway station, passed through the ponderous gate of the prison, and in few moments was pouring out effusive greetings to Hildreth. After the greetings the pair would sit down in a corner of the visitors' room and remain oblivious to every one and everything until it was time for the young convict to go to the mess hall for his dinner. Then Miss Perryn would leave the prison, and, replying to a nearby restaurant, would eat luncheon, after which she would return to the prison, always being on hand promptly at 1 o'clock, which was the earliest hour at

which she could be admitted to see Hildreth in the afternoon. Another visit of two hours would follow, and then Miss Perryn would bid Hildreth an affectionate good-bye, hurry to the station and board the 2:30 train for home.

"There are all kinds of dogs," said Mr. Cook, "and in many ways they look just like people. Dogs have many good traits, but they also have many bad ones, which are shown especially in their treatment of one another."

Then he told about the bad traits of dogs, how they had counterparts in people, and before he got through entirely with the dog question he gave each boy present a little filled with "antidogish" pills. These pills were of all colors, and there were directions in rhyme for the taking of each kind. There was a white pill to be taken when a youngster felt like snarling at his brother, a red one to be taken when the fighting spirit came on, a black one which should be swallowed when the boy felt as unwilling to share with another some good thing received as a dog growling over a bone does to surrender it to some starving companion.

One afternoon, when the Sunday school room was packed so full of people that they encroached to the edge of the platform, Mr. Cook appeared standing by a trunk on which any railroad in the country would have charged extra rates. It was as big as a small couch. Over beyond stood something which looked like an easel. On this appeared, after the touching of some mysterious spring or other, the legend, "It is nice to be handsomely dressed." Then in rapid succession on different parts of the easel appeared: "It is nice to be petted," "It is nice to have no care for others," "It is nice to do nothing," and then came the query, "Is it nice to be laid away in the attic?"

Then Mr. Cook opened the big trunk and began the task of unpacking. He took out in rapid succession a collection of dolls from all parts of the world and dolls of all accomplishments. The big table on the platform itself was full in a few minutes, and the platform itself was turned into a promenade, a race track and a concert hall. Dolls with parasols over their heads were walking about for the sake of exercise, while others were spinning along on bicycles and just keeping within the "no searching allowed" limit.

At a little distance there was a doll orchestra, the members playing violin, cornet and cymbals. It was not alone the children in the congregation who were as astonished at this display. There was more shown there than even the older ones had known of in the doll world. Something or other out of this showing of magnificence in apparel and variety of accomplishments the evangelist drew some truths which went along. In 15 minutes the children were looking a little askance at the dolls, and any light of envy that might have been in their eyes had well nigh faded away. Some broken dolls were shown, and there were some whose dresses were soiled and torn. These were the dolls which were ready to be laid away in the attic. Then the congregation was told that that was the fate of those who led a doll's life.

Another afternoon the Sunday school room was full of flying machines of all makes, the models shown being those which were the offsprings of the ideas of crack-brained enthusiasts and those of men of better balanced brains who had some merit to show for their pains.

The evangelist drew a lesson or two from flying machines and then turned to and made a flying machine of his own. He explained the details of the work as he

NANNY AND THE CUB.

Lives and Deaths of a Bear That Was Suckled by a Goat.

The bear that figures in the story is known as Jack, and he belongs to Lewis Ford, who formerly owned a goat ranch high up on the Cerro Colorado mountain, overlooking the lovely valley of the San Joaquin.

Ford found the bear when it was a cub, soft, round, shining and black. Being wifeless, childless and alone, he adopted the tiny cub and carried it home. Once there, Ford soon found that a foster mother must be provided for the infant, and so a frightened, trembling, bleating she goat was brought to the house to take the place of the parent he so missed. It was only after much combined force and persuasion the goat could be induced to adopt as her own the unkindlike orphan placed in her care. But the time came when foster mother and foster child were as happy and content in their relations to each other as if the sight of a nimble footed, blue haired "nanny" suckling a clumsy black bear cub was of the most ordinary condition of affairs. The bear waxed fat on goat's milk, and a more docile, tractable beast never grew up under the guardianship of a humane and loving master. In the earlier days of his adoption the baby was a baby in truth. He would not be left alone, and it would have been a harder heart than Ford's that could have resisted the pitiful whimper of the little fellow whenever he thought that he was to be left alone in the house. Had there been any to see it in those days they would have witnessed a strange sight. The great, broad shouldered man, following his flock as they grazed on the bunch grass—sometimes five or six miles from home—and as he walked the steep mountain side, where it was so nearly perpendicular that it seemed that only the goats themselves could gain a foothold on the rocks, carried the cub in his arms.

When Jack grew older, he was trained to herd goats. Previously a number of dogs had helped Ford, but the bear and the dogs could not agree, and so the dogs had to go. Jack took their place well, and they were never missed. For several years the bear continued to help Ford until the latter sold his ranch and prepared to go to his old home in Europe. Then a number of his neighbors tried to buy the bear. Ford refused to sell him and said that if he could not take Jack with him he would not go!

The difficulty about shipping the bear was overcome, and now he and his master are living contentedly in the old country, enjoying the fruits of their long, lonesome stay in the California mountains.—San Francisco Call.

Wagner on Young Von Bulow.

"I have followed the youthful developing period of your son's life with cognizance and sympathy, without exercising any other influence upon him than that of my example as an artist and of my most cautious advice. I have observed that his love of art, and especially of music, is based upon no mere transient excitement, but upon great—indeed, uncommon—powers. It was with my special concurrence, and indeed at my suggestion, that he went on with his law studies with undiminished zeal, as there is nothing so repugnant to me as a musician who is that alone without any higher general culture. At the wish of his family he applied himself also to the study of jurisprudence. Full of devotion to his mother, he tried hard to take an interest in this study, which, in reality, went dreadfully against his grain. And now what is the perfectly clear and evident result of all his pains and experience? Simply the outspoken, absolute conviction that the more he sets the one thing against the other the more he feels that it is art alone—in other words, music—that he can love unceasingly. This one thing, my dear lady, stands first and foremost as an undeniable fact, and I cannot doubt that, when once you yourself are convinced of this wish of your son to devote himself entirely to music, you will make it your own wish also."—The Early Correspondence of Hans von Bulow.

Some little token was always brought by her on these occasions. On one occasion she brought a bottle of pickles. Another time she presented to Hildreth a pot of strawberry jam. On almost her first visit she brought Hildreth her picture in a prettily embroidered frame, the work of her own hands. Usually the offering is candy, chocolate bonbons having a decided preference.

After this had gone on for some months it dawned upon the prison officials that these visits were having an injurious effect upon Hildreth. For days afterward he would be gloomy and depressed. When Warden Mead assumed control of affairs at the prison, he was made aware of the facts, and after satisfying himself that there was really ground for alarm, he determined to restrict Miss Perryn's privileges. She didn't take at all kindly to the new arrangement, and she didn't hesitate to express her feelings to the warden. Warden Mead is a kindly man, and he bore her outbreak with patience. When at last she had exhausted her pleadings and had sought refuge in tears, the warden gave the girl some wholesome, fatherly advice.

"This boy can never be anything to you," said Mr. Mead. "He is dead to the world—a prisoner for life. You should have some ambition beyond a convict. It is better for you to break with him now than later. It will be easier for you both."

"No, no," interrupted the girl.

"Some day, it is to be hoped, you will marry some honest man, and then you will look back with shame and horror at your prison associations," continued the warden. "You are young, and what now seems to you to be a grand passion will in after years bring a blush to your cheek. Now, I do not wish to be unkind, but your visits are doing harm to the one you are trying to assist. You are not a relative of Hildreth, and you have not under the prison rules any right to visit him at all. I am not going to say that you shall be entirely separated, but you must curtail your visits."

Miss Perryn sobbed and protested, but the warden was inflexible, and she finally left the prison. As for Hildreth, he took the announcement of the new restriction in grim silence. If he felt any pang of grief, they were hidden. He accepted the order as he has everything else in the prison—as a matter of course.

Inconvenient Ears.

"How's your arm?" asked Tommy of the young man who calls at the house.

"It's all right. Why?"

"Cause I heard mother tell sister that she peeked into the parlor the other night and saw your arm out of place."

—Detroit Free Press.

WHY SUFFER

Aches and Pains When a Simple Remedy will Cure You in Very Few Minutes?

All manner of aches and pains external and internal, yield to the healing and soothin' qualities of Lightning Hot Drops, whether of sciatic, neuralgic or rheumatic origin. Toothache, earache, faceache and headache can all be quickly and easily cured by the use of this wonderful remedy. It also cures corns, bunions, chilblains and frost bites.

Lightning Hot Drops is certainly a grand thing to have in the house. It is a pleasant remedy to use, and is wonderfully effective in all the minor ills of man and beast. It is always ready for external and internal use, and when sweetened the little folks like it. And it affords such a quick and complete release from the pain and misery of wounds and acute disorders and all sorts of aches and pains that after we have once got acquainted with its work we buy it again and again. Briefly speaking, Lightning Hot Drops prevents or cures all disorders of the stomach and bowels.

Lightning Hot Drops kills any ache or pain, external or internal.

Lightning Hot Drops neutralizes the poison of the bites of animals, snakes, insects, etc.

Lightning Hot Drops cures corns, bunions, chilblains, frostbites, etc.

And then Lightning Hot Drops only cost 25¢ a bottle.

Jos. Horne & Co.

HALF PRICE--

Our prices are always the very lowest that can be put on goods, but once in a while we get a chance to make some fearful cuts. One of these chances has come in some very good goods, and goods very seasonable.

They are Silk Warp Linen Tissues,

All-Linen and Silk and Linen Fabrics,

for fine warm weather dresses; they used

to cost from One Dollar to Three Dollars

a yard. We will sell them at just

One-Half as long as the lot lasts. State how

much you want to pay and let us send

you some samples.

The goods are the most fashionable

fabrics on the market, and at these

prices are also the cheapest.

Here's another chance in Plain Diagonal Cloth, very handsome and fashionable goods, in all the new Spring shades.

A fine imported fabric which always

costs 15 cents a yards except when we

put prices on it. It is selling here now

for Fifty Cents a yard.

Get samples of the finer kinds of All-

Wool Suitings in new and correct Spring

patterns, which we are selling at

Twenty-five and Thirty-five Cents a yard.

You will wonder how such excellent

materials can be sold so cheap.

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Twenty-five and Thirty-five Cents a yard.

You

ROUNDEL.

My sweetest love, what time the night
Hushes the roaching of the street,
And Diana shows her silvery light—
My sweet!

I sit me down and take a sheet
Of paper, and I try to write
A dainty love song, trim and neat.
I try until the dawn is bright,
But still the verse is incomplete.
Love can't be told in black and white,
My sweet!

THE NEW WOMAN.

"Oh, it puts me out of patience!" said Miss Lambton-Hyatt, with a fretful movement of her shoulders. "I'm sorry," said I, "but you look very well when you!"— "Oh, that is just it," she broke in angrily. "We are to be put off with a compliment, as if one cared for looks or!"— "Or dresses," said I, glancing at the pretty gown which showed beneath the opera cloak. She winced. "One must dress somehow," said Miss Lambton-Hyatt coldly. "Oh, yes, somehow," said I cheerfully. She regarded me with scorn and a little doubt. "Of course, you think you have me in a corner. But I could explain it all," said she. "Yes?" I asked. "If I liked," she said, and looked indifferently out of the window. "What station is this?" she asked. "Oh, it's all right," I answered, and there was silence in the carriage for a space.

"I wish you would see it in the proper way," she began presently, turning on me abruptly. "I will endeavor to," said I politely. "Pray explain." She frowned. "Well," said she, "you must surely see that the evolution of woman is continuing. She has developed a great deal!" "Of what?" I asked. "Of nothing," she exclaimed impatiently. "Her position has developed, and she must have more freedom." "Freedom?" I asked inquiringly. "Yes, freedom to come and go, freedom to live her own life. What is the difference, pray, between man and woman?"

"Why?" said I.

"There are certain differences, certainly," said Miss Lambton-Hyatt, hesitating, "but not the great distinctions that are vulgarly supposed. A woman has a mind, she has her own thoughts, and she ought to pursue her own career like a man." "But marriage!" I began. "Pooh! Marriage!" said she contemptuously. "If she likes to marry, let her. So does a man, and it does not interfere with him." "Then a woman," said I, trying to understand, "should be as much like a man as may be?" Miss Lambton-Hyatt considered. "No," she said, "you put words into my mouth. I never said that." "Well?" I asked. "She ought to be as independent as a man," said she triumphantly. She looked her triumph at me, and my eyes wandered over her face, and to her hair and down again to the rich silk of her opera cloak.

"Why do you look at me like that?" asked Miss Lambton-Hyatt irritably. "I was thinking"— said I. "Oh, yes," she interrupted, "you were thinking that I am too weak or pretty or fragile to be independent. That's what men are always thinking. It's their stock argument. Argument!" She laughed and turned to me again. "I put in practice my theories," she said deliberately and watching me for the effect of the thunderbolt. I started. "What do you mean?" I asked hastily. She nodded. "I live my own life now," said she. "Whose life did you?"— But there I broke off, for Miss Lambton-Hyatt's handsome eyes were glittering. "Oh," I said feebly, "that is interesting!" "Do you think," she said, "that I am tied to a man's coattail like other girls?" "No, indeed!" said I, shaking my head. "Do you think that I come and go at any one's behest?" "No, no," I said, shaking my head more firmly. "Do you think that I would obey—well, you, for instance?" "Good gracious, no!" I said in haste.

"Do you think?"—

"Certa'nly not," I broke in hurriedly. "See how free I am," she went on warmly, and throwing back her cloak in her enthusiasm, she waved her long, white arms significantly about the carriage. "Yes, indeed," I said, looking at the arms. "Here I am, at 11:30 at night, returning from a solitary expedition to the theater—all alone." "I am here," I put in bashfully. She looked at me and frowned. "Oh, that is an accident," she said, "I met you." "A fortunate accident," I murmured. "What?" said Miss Lambton-Hyatt sharply. "For me," I added humbly. "Well," she said, "is it not far better to be quite independent like this than to be forever hanging upon some one else for what you want, like an encumbrance?" "Ever so much better," I asserted quickly.

The train rolled out of the station. Suddenly I leaped to my feet and thrust down the window. "Good heavens!" I cried.

"What's the matter?" said Miss Lambton-Hyatt anxiously.

I pulled in my head, shut the window slowly and sat down opposite to her. "That was our station," I said. She looked at me in distress. "You don't mean?"— I nodded. "Unfortunately, yes."

She jumped up and pulled at the window frantically. "Please sit down," I said, "you can do no good now. The train can't possibly be stopped." She dropped into her seat, breathing hard. "What will happen?" she asked. "Why?"— said I. "We shall have to get out at the next station?" she said, with a note of interrogation in her voice and some embarrassment in her manner.

"This train does not stop for 20 miles," I explained. "Oh!" she cried, blanching. "It is the last train," said I, "and there's no up train before tomorrow morning." "Oh!" she cried again and stared at me, frightened. "What shall we do?" she asked in low tones. I shrugged my shoulders. "It is a nuisance, isn't it?" said I calmly. "Nuisance!" she said. "How can you take it so easily? Oh, it's awful! It's dreadful!"— And she choked back a sob and gazed at me with a scared face. "We can't ev' let them know," I said.

"It's too late to telegraph" "Oh, Mr. Somerville," she cried brokenly, "what will they think?" "Perhaps they'll fancy you staid the night in town," I said soothingly. "Of course they're accustomed to your independent ways?" "How can you?" she cried. "How unkind of you, when I am so— They'll think I'm killed!" "Oh, no," said I cheerfully, "you mustn't think that!" "But it's so horrible," she exclaimed tearfully, "to be here, right away from every one!" "There's me," I said. "Yes, yes; I'm so glad you're here," she cried, staring restlessly about the carriage. "But—but—what must we do? Oh, do say something—do suggest something?" "We shall have to put up at a hotel," said I. "Hotel!" she exclaimed, looking at her dress and then at me. "But what will people think? What will?"— "Well, it's the same for me," said I nonchalantly. "Oh, but it's different with you!" she broke forth. "How can you compare the two cases? You're a man, and—" "You're a woman," I finished for her.

She eyed me. "You are very unkind," she said tearfully. "You take advantage of me." "Indeed," I protested. "I will do exactly what you tell me. Only give me your instructions." She wrung her hands. "But I have none," she exclaimed. "I have no idea what to do. I—

I sat looking at her. "You might have seen what station it was and told me," she said presently in a reproachful voice. "I beg your pardon," said I apologetically, "but I was listening to you. You were so interesting in what you were saying about the independence"— "Oh, please don't!" said she.

Her humiliation was so complete that I had not the heart to proceed, and I was silent.

The train slackened, settled down to an easier pace and crept decorously into the station. We landed upon a desolate stretch of platform and stood miserably watching the lights go out.

"Well, here we are," said I cheerfully as darkness slowly enveloped us. Miss Lambton-Hyatt burst into tears. I treated her, I coaxed her, I comforted her. If I remember, I took her hand in mine. She was a pitiful little figure, with her weeping face above the gay beauty of her gown. "Oh, what shall I do?" she moaned pitifully. "Don't leave me," she wailed, and held me tight. "Stay," said I, "we will see what can be done."

I found the station master going to bed and conferred with him. Then I returned, and Miss Lambton-Hyatt clutched me. "Don't leave me again," she implored. "This darkness and loneliness are so horrible." "Oh, it's all right," I said. "There's a sort of milk train passing up in ten minutes or so." Her eyes opened and shone even in the darkness. "We will go up in it," I added reassuringly. "And we shall get back?" she cried eagerly. "By 1 or the reaborts," I answered. "That's not so very late," she remarked.

She sighed with relief and dropped my hand. There was a little pause, and then she turned to me. "Thank you very much, Mr. Somerville," said she.

We spoke little till the train came, but as the engine came puffing through Miss Lambton-Hyatt eyed it with favor, and then, "It's a bother getting to bed so late," she remarked quite coolly.

We made the journey in silence. I think we had both a good deal to reflect upon.

"You will think," said Miss Lambton-Hyatt as I conducted her to her home, "that I have betrayed my sex."

I protested.

"No," said she peremptorily, "it is idle to deny it. I know what you are thinking." "In that case, of course," said I. "But you are wrong," said she frankly, turning upon her doorstep. "I have a latchkey," she explained. "Of course," I assented. "No; you are wrong," she repeated, lifting her fine eyes and regarding the white stars in philosophical beatitude. "No doubt," I agreed. "You see," went on Miss Lambton-Hyatt, taking no heed of me, "our cases were quite different. You had no one to be anxious about you." "Not a soul," I said. "And then I was in evening dress, which is not suitable, and rather embarrassing when"— "Certainly," I said promptly. "The cases are quite different, and if I had been in evening dress, and still more, if I had had some one to be anxious about me, I should"— "Yes, Mr. Somerville, just as much as I was," she said firmly. "Well, now," said I, "why not let us put the cases square?" "What do you mean?" she asked, looking puzzled. "Why," said I, "give me some one to be anxious about me." "You can't invent people like that," she replied, and turning her back on me put the key in the latch.

"Stop!" I called. "Don't turn that!" She faced me indignantly. "What right?"— she exclaimed. I seized her hand—the one with the key. "Answer me," I said authoritatively. "Will you square the cases?"

A flood of color surged over her face. "Shouldn't I be increasing my own responsibilities very much?" she asked, with a little, low laugh. "Oh, I will take those!" I answered, pulling her closer.—H. B. Marriott-Watson in New Budget.

A Doctor's Uncollected Fee.

Several years ago I was under a Dr. Smithers of Galesburg, Ills. One day he was called to treat a patient who had been seized with a severe attack of colic. The patient was one of the richest business men in Galesburg, and was noted as being very penurious. Dr. Smithers found his patient hardly able to talk, but between his groans he managed to say to the physician, "Oh, doctor, I don't think you can do anything for me, but if you can save my life I will give you \$500." Dr. Smithers smiled and started to administer relief. In a few minutes the patient remarked to the doctor that he did not think it was any use, but if he was cured he would owe him his life. Six months later Dr. Smithers sued him for a small fee of \$8 for one visit.—Kansas City Journal.

JEFFERSON'S INAUGURATION

The Story That He Rode on Horseback Unattended Was a Fable.

No inauguration night has been more tempestuous of life than that which pictured Jefferson, attired as a plain citizen, riding on horseback to the capitol, hitching his horse to the palings and walking unattended into the senate chamber to take the oath as president. To have done this would have been in accordance with his previous utterances, for he had strongly condemned as usurping of monarchy all public ceremony in the swearing in of a president. When the time for his own inauguration arrived, however, the case stood to be decided differently to him. Whether it was because he was to be the first president inaugurated at the new capitol, or because of an unwillingness to disappoint the large numbers of his friends and partisans who had assembled to honor him, is not clear, but the fact is that he did permit a considerable display at the ceremonies. He was met at the door of his boarding house, which was only a stone's throw from the capitol, by a militia artillery company and a procession of citizens, and, escorted by these, he went in tact to the capitol.

The horseback story, or "fable," as it would be denominated in modern journalism, was the invention of an Englishman named John Davis, who put it in a book of American travels which he published in London two years later. In order to give it an air of truthfulness, Davis declared that he was present at the inauguration, which was not true.

A veracious account of the ceremonies was sent to England by Edward Thornton, who was then in charge of the British legation at Washington, and in this Jefferson was described as having walked to the capitol. These facts, together with a great mass of interesting matter about Jefferson's inauguration, are set forth in detail by Henry Adams in his "History of the United States" and leave no doubt that the Davis version was a pure fabrication.—Joseph B. Buscaglia in Century.

THE PRESIDENT'S MAIL.

Receives as Many as Eight Hundred Letters Per Day.

"As many as 800 letters in one day are received at the White House, but comparatively few of these, only the most important ones, reach the president, for if he dealt personally with all his correspondents he could do nothing else," writes ex-President Harrison, telling, in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, of "A Day with the President at His Desk." "Very many of the letters addressed to the president," he adds, "are trivial, not few of them impudent, and some of them angry and threatening. These, if the private secretary is a judicious man, the president never hears of, and the malicious intent of the writer is thwarted. The requests for autographs are scarcely numerable. Patches for bedquilts and lunch cloths add to the burden. Begging letters, for number, take the second place in the president's mail.

They come from every part of the land and relate to every possible subject. Some are appeals to aid the writer to get an education, or to pay off a mortgage, or to buy a piano or a pony, and no form of public appeal is absent to aid the building of churches, to endow schools, to build monuments, and to aid every other good purpose for which men or women or children associate themselves. On one day the requests for specific sums aggregated \$9,000. These appeals are unavailing in the nature of things, and self respect ought to restrain the practice."

She sighed with relief and dropped my hand. There was a little pause, and then she turned to me. "Thank you very much, Mr. Somerville," said she.

We spoke little till the train came, but as the engine came puffing through Miss Lambton-Hyatt eyed it with favor, and then, "It's a bother getting to bed so late," she remarked quite coolly.

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A flood of color surged over her face. "Shouldn't I be increasing my own responsibilities very much?" she asked, with a little, low laugh. "Oh, I will take those!" I answered, pulling her closer.—H. B. Marriott-Watson in New Budget.

A Lover's Apology.

An illiterate young man once got a friend to write a letter for him to his sweetheart. The letter was rather profane for a love letter, and he felt that an apology was due to his sweetheart for its lack of tender nothings. It was as follows:

"Please excuse the mildness of this here letter, as the chap wot's writin it is a married man, and he says he can't bide any soft soapin—it allus gives him the spazzums."—Pick Me Up

The Proof.

She—Are you sure that it was a year ago today that we became engaged, dear?

He—Yes. I looked it up in my checkbook this morning.—Pearson's Weekly.

New and original designs for ornaments, patterns, prints, pictures to be printed, cast, woven or otherwise worked in or on an article to be manufactured may be patented.

The department of agriculture states that the average cost of fertilizers for an acre of wheat in New Hampshire is \$6.50. In the newer states this item cuts little figure.

NO HUMBUG HERE

Massillon Endorsement is What Counts With the Public.

You can't fool the public all the time. They will find you out at last. Every time a man is fooled Another skeptic is made. Many the remedy that makes the skeptic fails to keep its promise, Doan's Kidney Pills bring renewed faith. They cure the skeptic. Plenty of proof of this at home. Massillon proof for Massillon people. Our citizens say they cure backache. Cure urinary disorders. Cure sick kidneys. Experience has taught them this is so. Conviction for every sufferer. In the testimony of friends and neighbors.

Read this case.—

Mrs. John Shively No 194 E Tremont Street says—"Since a little girl I have been troubled with weak kidneys but I did not mind so much until late years for I grew a little worse as I grew older my back aching a great part of the time with sharp pains shooting through the kidneys. At night while in bed my limbs would become cold and numb as if dead and I could not keep them warm. In the daytime while moving about I was not troubled in this way."

"I had seen a number of accounts in the papers that read so very encouraging of Doan's Kidney Pills that I was induced to give them a trial, and got a box at Baileys drug store on Erie Street. I only took one box but I found them so very beneficial that I think it my duty to inform others of my improved condition and recommend a trial of them to all people that suffer with kidney disease. I have spoken well of them before and will continue to do so."

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Uniform Size of Circus Rings.

The one ring circus of our grandfathers' day had a ring no larger than each of the three used by the big shows today. Circus horses are trained to perform in a standard ring 42 feet in diameter. In a larger or a smaller ring their pace becomes uneven, irregular and unreliable, and the riders in turning somersaults are liable to miscalculate the curve and miss their footing. One of the "greatest shows on earth"—there are several—gave a series of performances in Madison Square Garden, New York. By mistake the rings were made 42 feet 6 inches in diameter. On the first performance three riders fell, and one was severely hurt. Before the second performance the rings were reduced to the regular size.—Chicago Times.

What the Sun Could Do.

The astronomers have been figuring on the amount of heat and light that our sun is constantly emitting. It is shown by this wonderful table of figures that our earth constantly receives as much sunshine as would illuminate 50,000,000 square miles of flat surface. Even this vast quantity is as nothing, for, of course, our earth only receives that which happens to fall on the side next to the sun. If there were 2,380,000,000 worlds strung around the sun, they would form a shell of a sphere, with the sun in the center, and each would receive daily and hourly the same amount of sunshine that we enjoy.—St. Louis Republic.

IN A LONDON THEATER.

A First Night as Seen by the Artist C. D. Gibson.

A London audience is brilliant. Every one is in evening dress, and the audience is often more entertaining than the play. This is especially true on a first night. At such times the pit is watched most anxiously by the management, as the success of the piece generally depends on its verdict. It has often occurred to me, when I have seen people on a stormy night forming a line on the pavement outside the pit entrance, taking it all seriously enough to stand there for hours before the doors were opened, that by letting them inside, the management might improve their spirits and they in their turn might be more gentle.

And it has also occurred to me when I have seen a stout man standing in the aisle fumbling for a sixpence or a shilling in his pockets that probably only contain a bank note and a goldpiece that the management might further improve the spirits of its audience by doing away with women ushers, and by selling the programme at the same time it sells the seat, for it is hardly fair to the first act of a play to make it overtake the fretfulness caused by annoying attendants before it can hope to amuse. But the second act is sure to have a fair start, and if the play is good from there on it will have no reason to complain of the audience.—G. D. Gibson in Scribner's.

Suffering Women.

Alas! women do suffer. Why, we often cannot tell, but we know there is one

A REMARKABLE SCENE.

The Power of the Speaker Strikingly Illustrated.

HOW HE CONTROLS THE HOUSE.

Speaker Reed Pours Oil on Troubled Waters and Restores Order in the House of Representatives. Mr. Johnson, of Indiana, the Cause of the Turmoil.

WASHINGTON, March 31.—Speaker Tom Reed's powerful personality was never so strikingly displayed as during the remarkable incident in the House the other afternoon, when he was compelled to take the chair in order to cause an unruly member to respect the rules and resume his seat. The picture was one that has no parallel in parliamentary history.

Representative Johnson, of Indiana who became suddenly obstreperous and denounced the House for wasting its time in irrelevant discussion had persistently declined to listen to the commands of the chairman of the committee of the whole, Mr. Sherman, of New York. The Indiana member is an obstinate, unpopular, though able man, and he refused absolutely to obey the order of Mr. Sherman, who pounded the desk and directed the unruly member to take his seat.

Johnson would not obey, and after his second exhibition of insubordination Chairman Sherman realized that there was nothing for him to do but order the committee to rise, so that the House could resume its session and an opportunity be given the speaker to exercise the authority and prerogative of his high office.

So the speaker was hastily sent for, and as his great burly form and shining white head appeared in the swinging doors leading from the lobby into the House, a cheer went up from the occupants of the galleries that was a spontaneous tribute to the power and authority of the man who, because of his manner and his methods, has been dubbed "the czar." At the first sight of the speaker's face Mr. Johnson dropped into his seat as if he were shot. He is a bold and fearless man and did not fear the speaker. He merely recognized his power and authority. Stepping quickly to the chair, the speaker seized the gavel and in a brief, honeyed and diplomatic speech, suggesting anything but the autocratic methods of a czar, he poured oil upon the troubled waters and the House resumed the even tenor of its way. The speech, although entirely impromptu and delivered without a moment's time for reflection, was adroit and diplomatic to a superlative degree, and it added another star to the crown of the mighty czar. The speaker said:

"The speaker The chair thinks it is proper to say to the House and the chair is quite sure that the house will agree—that one of the first duties of a member is to obey the directions of a presiding officer until they have been reversed by proper authority [applause], because the presiding officer, however humble an individual he may be, does not act of his own volition or of his own motion, but he acts as the representative of the house of which he is speaker, or of the committee of the whole of which he is chairman and certainly the very foundation and basis of order in the house is the recognition of the authority of the one who is appointed to be in authority, and whatever objections any member may have to the unfortunate methods of procedure, still he will, if he thinks a moment, recognize the necessity of prompt obedience to whom ever presides over the body."

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption.

This is the best medicine in the world for all forms of coughs and colds and for consumption. Every bottle guaranteed. It will cure and not disappoint. It has no equal for whooping cough, asthma, hay fever, pneumonia, bronchitis, la grippe, cold in the head and for consumption. It is safe for all ages, pleasant to take, and above all, a sure cure.

It is always well to take Dr. King's New Life Pills in connection with Dr. King's New Discovery, as they regulate and tone the stomach and bowels. We guarantee perfect satisfaction or return your money. Free trial bottles at Z. T. Baltzly's drug store. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.

A Valuable Prescription.

Editor Morrison, of Worthington, Ind., "Sun," writes: "You have a valuable prescription in Electric Bitters, and I can cheerfully recommend it for constipation and sick headache, and as a general system tonic it has no equal." Mrs. Annie Stehle, 2625 Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago, was all run down could not eat nor digest food, had a backache which never left her and felt tired and weary, but six bottles of Electric Bitters restored her health and renewed her strength. Price 50 cents and \$1. Get a bottle at Z. T. Baltzly's drug store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Z. T. Baltzly.

Lewis Y. McClure, of Wooster, O., Recommends Wright's Celery Compound.

"Wooster, O., Jan. 20, 1897.

"To the Wright Medical Co., Columbus, O.: Dear Sir—I have purchased a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from Geo. J. Krieger, druggist, and used them for constipation and inflammatory rheumatism. They cured me and made me well and sound in three weeks. Since that time I have been working at my trade of roofer and have had no further attacks. The medicine is the best I have used, and I can recommend it with a clear conscience to any suffering person."

"Yours very truly,

"Lewis Y. McClure."

Sold by all druggists. Price 50c. and \$1 per box. Call at drug store for free sample.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOOD.

Several Breaks in the Levee Causes Much Damage.

GUNNISON, Miss., March 31.—News has just been received here by special messenger that the levee has broken at Stokes, or Sunray Wild plantation, two and a half miles south of Gunnison. There will be great destruction of property. This break will put Gunnison in a very precarious position, placing the town between two crevasses, one at Perthshire, four miles north, and the break at Stokes. Gunnison is already under water from one to six feet, and the breach south of here will add to this.

Some of the pictures witnessed on some of the thoroughfares of the Gunnison were skiffs, dugouts and every other kind of cheap craft, occupied by the unfortunate who were trying to recover their household effects from the flood. Some were able to enter their houses by the doorway and the windows.

GREENVILLE, Miss., March 31.—The country around and about here is now flooded, but it is believed the town will be saved. The planters are working like beavers, moving their stock and corn to places of safety. The negroes on the great plantations are being cared for and no destitution is reported. The situation north of Greenville was intensified by a break in the levee near Strogs Landing, in Bolivar county. This break is no less than 30 miles above Greenville. Visions of the flood that invaded the town in 1890 came vividly before the minds of the people, and there was bustle and confusion everywhere. The opinion prevailed that the water would find its way into the northern part of the city, and carpets were taken up and drays were busy taking furniture to the two-story buildings in the business part of the city.

WASHINGTON, March 31.—The weather bureau has issued the following special river bulletin: During the past 24 hours the Ohio, Cumberland, Tennessee and Arkansas rivers have fallen slowly and the Red has risen. The St. Francis river has risen 2 feet since Saturday and is still rising rapidly. The upper Mississippi, from St. Paul to Dubuque, has risen slightly and is above the danger line at Lacrosse. The Mississippi has fallen slightly from Keokuk to Cairo and risen from Helena to New Orleans, except a slight fall at Arkansas City, due to a crevasse near that place. It is above the danger line from Cairo to New Orleans and from Memphis to Arkansas City is above the extreme high water of any previous year.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.

Plans For a New Capitol—Business in the House.

HARRISBURG, March 31.—New capitol plans were presented to the legislature by the house committee on public buildings and grounds, in a report on the governor's message of March 11, which advocated a capitol to cost \$550,000.

The report is a complete resume of the subject of capitol building, and considers the subject from every standpoint. In the point of cost, the committee disagrees with the governor, and there are several recommendations at variance with the governor's ideas, no million dollars is the amount of money recommended for the new capitol complete.

Many bills were reported from committees. The Saylor bill creating a state board of dental examiners was negatived.

The Creasy bill fixing the maximum passenger fare on steam railways at 2 cents a mile was negatived.

Quite a number of bills were introduced. Among the bills that passed were the following:

To punish the loan, gift, sale or distribution of immoral writings, etc., and of all drugs for criminal purposes.

Punishing the sending of anonymous communications of a libelous, defamatory, scurrilous or opprobrious nature.

The bill to create a state bureau of geology and mines was defeated.

To Aid in Recovering Crosby's Body.

WASHINGTON, March 31.—Senor Dupuy de Lome, the Spanish minister here, has cabled to Acting Captain General Ahumada at Havana a request that he do all in his power to aid in the recovery of the body of the unfortunate newspaper correspondent, Crosby, who was killed at Arroyo Blanco, and to have the remains shipped to the United States.

Captain of the Oakes Arrested.

NEW YORK, March 31.—Captain E. W. Reed of the ship T. F. Oakes has been arrested upon a warrant issued by the United States court. The Oakes is the ship upon which, during its last voyage there was much suffering and several deaths, resulting, as alleged, from insufficient and improper food.

Murdered by a Tramp.

COLUMBUS, March 31.—The body of Mrs. John W. Miller, a farmer's wife, at Black Lick, this county, was found, she having been murdered Monday by a tramp employee, in the temporary absence of her husband. The tramp has gone.

Illinois Banks Robbed.

ONEIDA, Ills., March 31.—The State bank here has been robbed. Entrance was made through the front door. The safe was cracked with nitroglycerin. The amount taken is between \$3,000 and \$4,000. Besides the Oneida affair the bank at Beegsville was robbed of \$400. Banks at Keweenaw and Altona were also visited, but no money obtained. Officials have arrested four men presumably from Chicago and have them in jail.

Bought a Half Interest.

DULUTH, March 31.—A half interest in the great Mahoning iron mine on the western Mesabs has been bought by the Cambria Iron company of Pennsylvania. The price is not known here, but it is not far from \$400,000. The mine will easily produce from 500,000 to 600,000 tons of ore yearly. The sale leaves but one of the great steel making firms of Pennsylvania and Ohio without a Mesaba mine.

An Ex-Congressman Dead.

COLUMBUS, March 31.—Hon. George L. Converse, ex-member of congress, has died here. He was ill seven months, was in his 70th year and died in the county of his birth. He served in the house and senate of the Ohio legislature from 1860 to 1865 and again in the house in 1873, when he was speaker. He was in congress three terms and was a Randall protective tariff Democrat.

THE MARKETS.

PITTSBURG, March 30

WHEAT—No. 1 red, 94¢/busc; No. 2 red, 83¢/busc;

CORN—No. 1 yellow ear, 28¢/busc; No. 2 shelled, 27¢/busc;

OATS—No. 1 white, 34¢/busc; No. 2 do, 29¢/busc;

FEED extra No. 3 wht, 21¢/busc;

HAY—No. 1, timothy, \$11.75/12 bu; No. 2 do, \$10.50/12 bu; grass, \$8.00/7 bu;

Feeding prairie, \$7.50/8 bu;

Wagon hay, \$14.00/15 bu;

Timothy, \$15.00/15 bu;

BUTTER—1/2 lb, 25¢/busc; creamery, 24¢/busc;

Ohio fancy creamery, 21¢/busc;

Country butter, 17¢/busc;

Goat cheese, 8¢/busc;

CHEESE—Tarey, New York, full cream, 12¢/busc;

Wheat, 8¢/busc;

Lamburg, 11¢/busc;

Gufo Swiss, in tins, 11¢/busc;

Swiss, 11¢/busc;

Goat cheese, 8¢/busc;

CHEESE—Tarey, New York, full cream, 12¢/busc;

Wheat, 8¢/busc;

Lamburg, 11¢/busc;

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Swiss, 11¢/busc;

Goat cheese, 8¢/busc;

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